



Becoming Sacred



👁 106 ✓ 4 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

Today I will be clean. I have reached the age of the sacred, and my sisters await me. I am to be stripped of my childish remnants, bathed and scrubbed and dressed in white linen. Today is what every moment of my life until now has prepared me for. As I fuss endlessly with my reflection, I can't help but notice my fore-tentacles quivering in nervous expectation.

Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



I wait.

In my head I go over the verses of sacred ritual I have to recite; I recite them to my reflection; I repeat them over and over until I'm perfectly sure there'd be no humiliating mistake.

I wait more and tension of waiting makes my sucker pads go blue. I need to relax, I can't allow sisters to see my blue coloring.

I circle my small home sphere from top to bottom, left to right, thankful I went Orthodox with its structure and there's no corners.

A loud thud comes from outside: it has started! I'm so excited that my sucker pads turn yellow, but yellow doesn't bother me. There's nothing shameful in being elevated.

Chapter 3 by adware



I swing into the central gape of my home sphere, and my being is splattered on every inch of its womb, painting the inner walls with me. My yellow complexion is bathing my sisters in golden light. Yellow was a happy accident.

My voice is born through every pore in my face with flamboyant clarity. The pool of salt in my mouth rains down on my chortling sisters.

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Unfaced, unflawed

They don't want your holistic truth

Doesn't remind them of their youth"

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